

# THE JASPER WEEKLY COURIER.

VOL. I.

JASPER, INDIANA, FRIDAY, AUGUST 20, 1858.

NO. 24

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY, AT JASPER,  
DEUBOIS COUNTY, INDIANA, BY  
**MEHRINGER, DOANE & SMITH.**

OFFICE—CORNER OF MAIN CROSS AND  
MACDONALD STREETS.

TERMS—STRICTLY IN ADVANCE:  
Single Subscription, for fifty Nos. \$1 50  
For six months, 1 00

RATES OF ADVERTISING.  
For square of 10 lines or less, 1 week, \$1 00.  
Each subsequent insertion, 25 cts.

Longer advertisements, at same rate. A  
fraction over even square or squares, counted  
as a square. These are the terms for trans-  
ient advertisements; a reasonable deduc-  
tion will be made to regular advertisers.

Notices of appointment of administrators  
and legal notices of like character to be  
paid for in advance.

ANNOUNCING CANDIDATES.  
For Township offices, each, \$1 00  
For County " " " 2 00  
For District, Circuit, or State, 5 00

**Fairest, Sweetest, Dearest.**

BY MRS. OPIE.

Rev, by what name can I impart  
My name, dear girl, of what thou art!  
Nay, though to frown thou dar'st,  
I'll say thou art of girls the pride,  
And, though that modest lip may chide,  
Mary! I'll call thee—Fairest.

Yes, no—that word can but express  
The soft and winning loveliness  
In which the sight of thou metest;  
But not thy heart—thy temper, too—  
So good, so sweet—oh! that will do!  
Mary! I'll call thee—Sweetest!

But fairest, sweetest, vain would be  
To speak the love I feel for thee;  
Why smilest thou as thou hearest?  
"Because," she cried, "one little name  
Is all I wish from thee to claim—  
That precious name is—Dearest!"

**Marriage.**

Marriage is to a woman at once the hap-  
piest and the saddest event of her life; it  
is the promise of future bliss, raised on the  
dith of present enjoyment. She quits her  
home—her parents—her companions—her  
amusements—everything on which she has  
hitherto depended for comfort, for affection,  
for kindness and for pleasure.

Her parents, by whose advice she has  
dared to impart the very embryo thought  
and feeling—the brother who has played  
with her, by turns the counselor and the  
counseled, and the younger children to whom  
she has hitherto been the mother and play-  
mate—all are forsaken at one fell stroke—  
every former tie is loosened—the spring of  
every action is changed; and she flies with  
joy into the untrodden paths before her  
stayed up by the confidence of required  
love, she finds a fond and grateful ally to the  
life that is past, and turns with excited hopes  
and joyous anticipation to the happiness to  
come. Then woe to the man who can blight  
such fair hopes! who can treacherously turn  
such a heart from the peace of enjoyment  
and the watchful protection of home—who  
can, coward like, break the illusions which  
have won her, and destroy the confidence  
which love had inspired.

**THE FLOWER GARDEN.**—(IN PAGET'S OF  
ROSES BY LAYERS.)—June or one season  
roses, are to be met with in almost every  
garden. It will take a long time to drive  
them out of the fields, with Perpetuals and  
and other roses, nor is it desirable. A  
rose is a rose, and many of the June roses  
are exceedingly beautiful and fragrant.

These and Perpetuals are mostly (or readily)  
propagated by layers. The middle of July  
is considered about the best time—method  
of procedure similar to any other kind of lay-  
ers, as follows: Select shoots 18 inches or  
two feet long; cut off the leaves close to the  
shoot about two thirds of their length, leav-  
ing them on at the top of the layers. Bring  
the shoot to the ground to ascertain the  
place to make the hole to receive it. If the  
soil is not good, take out a hole sufficient to  
hold a peck of made soil, which should con-  
tain plenty of sand. Then tongue the shoot,  
i. e., introduce the knife just below a bud,  
and bring upwards, making about a one inch  
length cut; place a small piece of stick to  
keep the tongue open, then use a crooked  
peg to keep the layer in its place in the soil.  
By October or November the layers will be  
rooted, and may be transferred to the nur-  
ery row, or any other position desired. The  
stoutest rooted ones may even be potted to  
force early into flower. — E. S. Country  
Gleaner.

**Direct Testimony.**

Every one knows Mr. R., the successful  
criminal lawyer of Philadelphia, says the  
Mercury, and the peculiar tact with which  
he usually succeeds in eliciting the truth  
from a witness. He once in a while, how-  
ever, meets with a queer customer, with  
whom he can do nothing whatever.

One such turned up before a magistrate a  
few days since. Mr. Doyle was complained  
of for keeping a disorderly house in R—  
street. The common-lawman engaged Mr. R.  
to attend to his case and put Mr. Doyle  
through a course of sprouts. The first wit-  
ness examined was Cornelius O'Neil. We  
give his examination by Mr. R.

"Do you know the defendant, Doyle?"  
"Never a man better."

"What kind of a house does he keep?"  
"Brick house."

"I don't mean that; what are its peculiar-  
ities?"

"Two stories, with a brick kitchen that  
points on to McGarry's fence."

"You still misunderstand me; I wish to  
know the reputation of the house. Is it  
good or bad?"

"Bad intirely."

Mr. R. called the attention of the court  
to this answer, and desired the magistrate to  
take a note. The magistrate did so.

"What do you mean when you say the  
reputation of the house is bad?"

"That it has the devil's own chimney, and  
a roof that leaks like a sieve."

"You still misunderstand me, Mr. G'Neil.  
Let us try again. What kind of people is  
in the house?"

"Men and women, principally; at least  
that's the only kind I ever met there."

"Well, what kind of women are they?"

"Female women, as nearly as I could  
judge."

"Well, what is their character?"

"Only one of them has the article."

"The court will please note that. Only  
one of the females has a character." Which  
one is that?"

"A young lady by the name of Bridget  
McKean."

"You think she has a character?"

"Thinks I know it. I saw it on Monday."

"What did you see?"

"Her character. It was written by Father  
Daley with a pen."

"You still persist in misunderstanding me.  
Let us try once more. Have you ever seen  
women of the town at Doyle's?"

"No sir, not of the town, but a raft of  
them from the country."

"By the women of the town, Mr. O'Neil,  
I mean common, vicious women."

"What do you say?"

"I say bad women. Have you never seen  
such women drinking and dancing at Mr.  
Doyle's?"

"Oh! nusha, listen to that. Is it the lik-  
e of Doyle that would allow such people to  
mishuse his shop? By the powers of O'-  
Crompall, if his boy Mick was here, but  
he'd twist yer nose till ye could use it for a  
gimlet."

"Be jabers! go way wid you, you black-  
guard, to say that of a decent man. If it  
were not for molestin' the court I'd peel me  
coat and make a flounder of ye in less time  
than a dunkey could ate a thistle."

Here Mr. O'Neil became so excited, that  
Mr. R. told him that he could stand aside to  
make room for the next witness.

The case resulted in a verdict of acquit-  
tal.

**POETICAL.**—A very susceptible bachelor  
was passing along the street lately, and ob-  
serving a silver thimble picked it up. After  
standing a moment in mute meditation on  
the probable owner, he reverently pressed  
it to his lips, and said,—

"Oh, that this were the lips of the divine,  
angelical wearer, and the golden chords of  
love would ever encircle our hearts as this  
beautiful implement of industry enclosed the  
fair hand of the owner! and—"

—here he  
fetched a deep sigh for bygone days, mittens,  
and such like kind of things, when a voice  
from an upper window arrested his angelic  
reverie,—

"Sny, boy, jis please from dat 'ere fimbile  
de entry; I jis drop it!" cried a huge, ugly  
fat, she-nigger.

Shades of departed rose buds and beauties!  
He dropped the implement like a hot potatoe  
and beat a double-quick march instantler!

"Boy where does this road go to?" "I  
don't think it goes anywhere. I always use  
it here every morning."

**Got Him There.**

While a number of lawyers and gentle-  
men were dining together, at Wiscasset, a  
few years ago a jolly son of the Emerald  
Isle appeared and asked for dinner. The  
landlord told him he should dine when the  
gentlemen were done eating.

"Let him dine with us," whispered a limb  
of the law, "and we shall have some fun with  
him."

The Irishman took a seat at the table.  
"You were not born in this country?" said  
one.

"No, sir, I was born in Ireland."

"Is your father living?"

"No sir, he is dead."

"What is your occupation?"

"Trading horses."

"Did your father ever cheat any one while  
here?"

"I suppose he did cheat many, sir."

"Where do you suppose he went to?"

"To heaven, sir."

"Has he cheated any one there?"

"Has cheated one, I believe."

"Why did they not prosecute him?"

"Because they searched the whole king-  
dom of heaven and couldn't find a lawyer."

This last answer spoilt the whole of the  
fun in the estimation of the limb of the law.

**WIT.**—A dispute arose between three no-  
blemen, one Irish, one Scotch, and the other  
English, as to the respective traits of  
their respective countrymen. A wager was  
laid, the Irish were wittiest, the Scotch the  
most cunning, and the English most frank.

They agreed to walk out in the streets of  
London, and the first one of either nation  
met should be inquired of as to what he  
would take to stand watch all night in the  
tower of St Paul's church; pretty soon a John  
Bull came along, and was accosted thus—

"What will you take, and stand all night  
in the tower of St Paul's?"

"I shouldn't want to do it short of a  
guinea," frankly answered Mr Bull.

The next one accosted was a Scotchman.  
Sandy replied with his cunning—

"And what will you give me?"

Last, but not least, Patrick was inquired of  
as to what he would take, and stand all  
night in St Paul's tower. To which Pat  
wittily replied—

"An' sure, an' I think I should take a de-  
vil of a cold!"

The (wager was won.

The gods of Olympus held a consul-  
tation once upon view of a miser's epitaph  
pinned to his soul just as he escaped from  
the earth. A ter various plans of punish-  
ment had been proposed, Momus, "the mer-  
ry laughing god," at last hit upon one which  
satisfied the celestial council, namely, "To  
send him back to the earth, that he might  
see what use his heirs were making of his  
riches!" The vault of heaven rung with ac-  
clamation at the proposal, which was imme-  
diately decreed. Here is the epitaph al-  
luded to:—

Here lies Old Thirty-three per cent!  
The more he got the more he lent—  
The more he got the more he craved!  
Ye gods! can such a soul be saved!

**ADDITIONAL CURIOSITIES AT BARNUM'S.**—  
Nails from the claws of a hammer.

The needle that darned Adam's stockings.

A receipt in full from the dew of eve,

A leg of a land-stool.

A fig from the pen that was mightier than  
the sword.

Map of the state of matrimony.

Knots from the board of foreign missions.

Eve's bonnie breast knots.

Rafters that were supported by the beams  
of the moon.

A bird's-eye view from the top of the mor-  
ning.

**A COMPLIMENT.**—The illustrious Ros-  
sini one day dined with a friend at the  
house of a lady, who under a great display  
of liberality, concealed a considerable avarice.

The dinner was a poor affair. When the  
guests were about to retire, the hostess thank-  
ed Rossini for his acceptance of her invita-  
tion, saying:—

"I hope, maestro, you will honor me by  
your dining with me again before you quit  
Paris!"

"Certainly, madam," replied Rossini, im-  
mediately, if you please."

An old lady being late at church, en-  
tered as the congregation were rising for  
prayer; "La!" said she, courtesying. "don't  
get up on my account."

**The Golden Sunset.**

The golden sea its mirror spreads  
Beneath the golden skies,  
And but a narrow strip between  
Of land and shadow lies.

The cloud-like rocks, the rock-like clouds  
Dissolved in glory float,  
And midway of the radiant flood,  
Hangs silently the boat.

The sea is but another sky,  
The sky a sea as well,  
And which is earth and which the heavens  
The eye can scarcely tell.

So when for us life's evening hour  
Soft fading shall descend,  
May glory born of earth and heaven,  
The earth and heaven blend.

Flooded with peace the spirit float,  
With silent rapture glow,  
Till where earth ends and heaven begins,  
The soul shall scarcely know.

**Slander.**

How frequently is the honesty and integ-  
rity of a man disposed of by a smile or a  
shrug! How many good and generous ac-  
tions have been sunk into oblivion by a dis-  
trustful look, or stamped with the imputa-  
tion of proceeding from bad motives, by a  
mysterious and reasonable whisper! Look  
into companies of those whose gentle na-  
tures should disarm them, we shall find no  
better account. How large a portion of  
chastity is sent out of the world by distant  
hints—nodded away, and cruelly winked in-  
to suspicion, by the envy of those who are  
past all temptation of it themselves! How  
often does the reputation of a helpless crea-  
ture bleed by a report, which the party who  
is at the pains to propagate it beholds with  
much pity and fellow-feeling—that she is  
heartily sorry for it—hopes in God it is not  
true—however, as Archbishop Tillotson wit-  
tily observes upon it, is resolved in the mean-  
time to give the report her pass, that at  
least it may have fair play to take its for-  
tunes in the world—to be believed or not,  
according to the charity of those into whose  
hands it shall happen to fall!

**"MY LIFE HAS BEEN A FAILURE."**—So  
said a capitalist in this country worth his  
several millions, on being asked why he did  
not have a biography of his life written.  
What an answer, and what a sad truth, to be  
made and considered by one who has  
spent a whole life in amassing wealth, and  
now, with trembling limbs, stepping into  
the grave, the startling truth, quite too late,  
it is to be feared, flashes across his mind,  
that his life has been a failure—its great  
object, and the only one worthy the atten-  
tion of an immortal being, having been en-  
tirely overlooked and neglected! What more  
than such a thought need occupy a sane  
mind, to fill and keep it full of unutterable  
anguish! Life a failure! Probation squan-  
dered! the soul lost.

A beautiful girl with a pair of pout-  
ing lips, stepped into a store to buy a pair  
of mits. "How much are they?" "Why,"  
said the gallant but impudent clerk, lost in  
gazing upon her sparkling eyes and ruby  
lips, you shall have them for a kiss."

"Agreed," said the young lady, pocketing  
the mits, and her eyes speaking daggers,  
"and as I see you give credit here, charge it  
on your books, and collect in the best way  
you can!" So saying she hastily tripped  
out the door.

**WEALTH OF THE UNITED STATES.**—The  
aggregate wealth of the United States  
amount to twelve thousand million dollars,  
and the population is 24 million souls. The  
wealth, divided by the population, gives  
500 to each person, young and old; and  
counting five persons to each family, it  
would give the handsome little fortune of \$2-  
500 to every family in the Republic, not ex-  
cluding the slaves.

The Sunday Atlas, in a St of revol-  
utionary enthusiasm says:—

"Hurrah for the girls of '76!"

"Thunder!" cries a New Jersey paper,  
"that's too darned old. No, no: hurrah for  
the girls of '77!"

**A RUSH FOR JERUSALEM.**—A recent let-  
ter in the Paris Univers puts down the num-  
ber of Christian pilgrims at the Church of  
the Holy Sepulchre at 18,000. They are from  
all parts of Europe and the Ottoman Empire.

A young lady being told that her lover  
was suddenly killed, exclaimed:—

"Oh, that a splendid gold watch of his—give  
me that—give me something to remember  
him by."

**AGRICULTURAL.**

**Late Corn.**

He we are in the month of August,  
plowing and hoeing young corn. It  
may make something, but it cannot  
make ripe corn this season, and as  
there is a vast quantity of such, it is  
important to know what is best to be  
done with it. We do not pretend to  
be prepared to give the best advice up-  
on this subject, but for the purpose of  
starting others we will speak first.

The amount of corn likely to be in  
the roasting-ear state at the commence-  
ment of frost is very great, and to save  
it and have it used in the best manner  
are subjects of very considerable in-  
terest. It is known to every farmer  
that green corn will make pork, not  
so well probably as ripe, but still it  
will fatten swine. Then by looking  
to this thing considerable amounts of  
late corn may be thus saved. It will  
also equally well make beef. And it  
should be remembered in feeding off,  
that low ground and black land is  
more liable to be hurt by frost than the  
corn on high land. New ground is  
not so apt to be hurt by frost as old  
land.

It is known to many that corn gath-  
ered when in good condition for boil-  
ing, or in roasting-ears, and laid away  
where it can dry, will make good sweet  
bread corn, and will grow well, al-  
though it may shrivel some.

Corn may be cut up and put in small  
shocks when quite green and thus  
dried and secured from frost. To  
do this well, the corn should be cut  
down in the forenoon and shocked in  
the evening, and in some cases it  
would be better to let it remain twenty  
four hours, and then let it be set in  
very small shocks, so small that the  
air may circulate freely. In early  
times here, corn was often kiln dried.  
To do this a square rail pen was built,  
sufficiently high above ground to ad-  
mit a fire beneath. The pen was then  
filled with corn, and a fire kept up be-  
neath until it was dry. This could  
only be used for small amounts; for  
securing large quantities we know of  
no plan equal to small shocks.—Dr.  
Stevenson, in Greencastle Banner.

**CURE FOR HOG CHOLERA.**—A cor-  
respondent of the Louisville Courier  
gives the following remedy for hog  
cholera:

If the hog is not past eating, give  
him some corn boiled in ashes—as  
much as he will eat, say one or two  
quarts. If past eating, stir up some  
tar in water and pour a good quantity  
down its throat, and also put some tar  
in its mouth. One or two trials of  
this are sufficient. The tar and water  
and tar alone have saved many in this  
neighborhood. My next neighbor had  
ten hogs taken with it, and before he  
tried the above tar and water mix-  
ture, five died, since then none have died,  
and all are getting fat and hearty.

**TO GET RID OF ANTS.**—We have  
tried salt and lime, hot water, pound-  
ing, &c., to drive the ants away from  
our fruit trees, and found that we in-  
jured the trees nearly as much as the  
ants. Last summer, having suspended  
warfare with the ants, because it  
did not seem to pay, we watered our  
besieged trees with soap-suds, and the  
refuse slops from the kitchen, hoping  
thus to promote their vigor and pro-  
ductiveness. What was our surprise  
to find that, before autumn, the ants  
had struck their tents and gone to parts  
unknown. They could stand salt and  
lime, and hot water, and earthquakes,  
but when bilge water came streaming  
down through their private apartments  
they gave up. — Am. Agricult.